

MARVEL®
27th Oct 90

THE REAL

NO124 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GH^oSTBUSTERS™

90/AVE

and

SLIMER!



ISSN 0954-9404

43



9 770954 940011

MARVEL®
27th Oct 90

THE REAL

NO124 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

91/ave

and

SLIMER!



ISSN 0954-9404

43



9 770954 940011



Chaaaaaaaaarge! **The Real Ghostbusters** put their best feet forward when they discover that their boots are occupied by more than just a pair of whiffy socks, in **Phantom Footwear!**

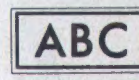
But first on the menu there is a little story about strange goings-on in a building on the other side of town. Giant holes are forming (which is again similar to Ray's socks) through which ghosts and ghouls aplenty are pouring, in a terrifying tale entitled **Battle Stations!**

Apart from most of your regular fiendishly fun pages, there is the second spooky instalment of **The Witch!** A terrifying tale of the mysterious, the magical and the downright mystical! So if you can't resist this bumper pack of paranormal goodies, dive in feet first. But don't forget next week is the special Halloween issue, so see you then.

CONTENTS

Battle Stations!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Phantom Footwear!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Paranormal Pirates	13
The Witch! – Part Two	15
Slime Time / Newsagents' Coupon	20
Spectral Spectrum Page	21
Dead True!	23
Next Issue Box / Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
 Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Assistant Editor **DEBORAH TATE**
 Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by **MARVEL COMICS LTD.**, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The **GHOSTBUSTERS** logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



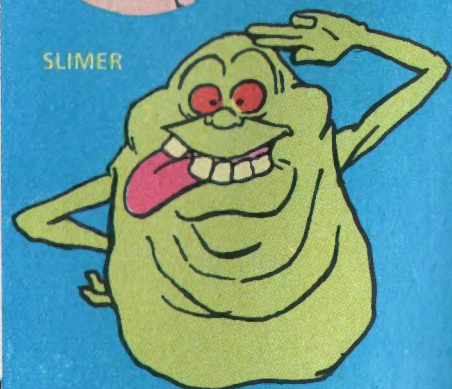
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



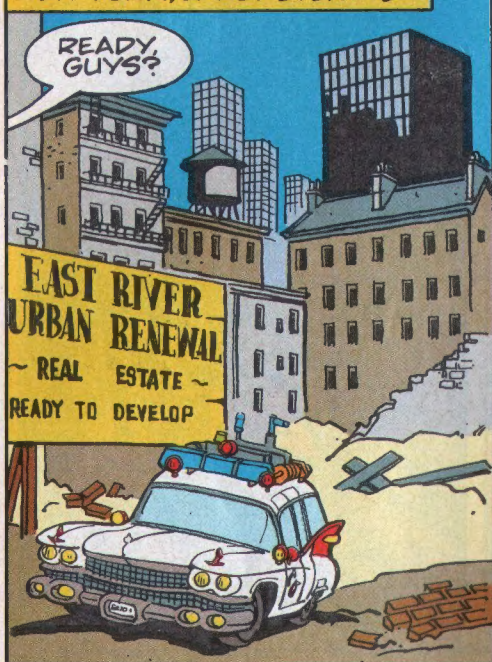
JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

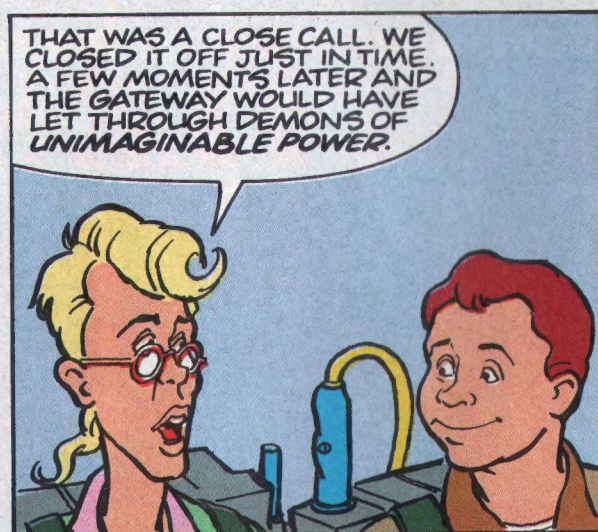
NEW YORK, EARLY EVENING...

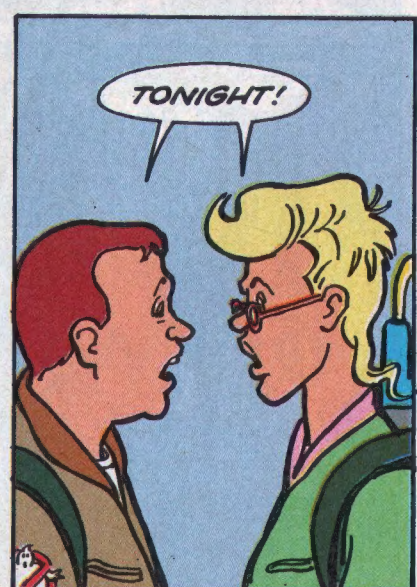
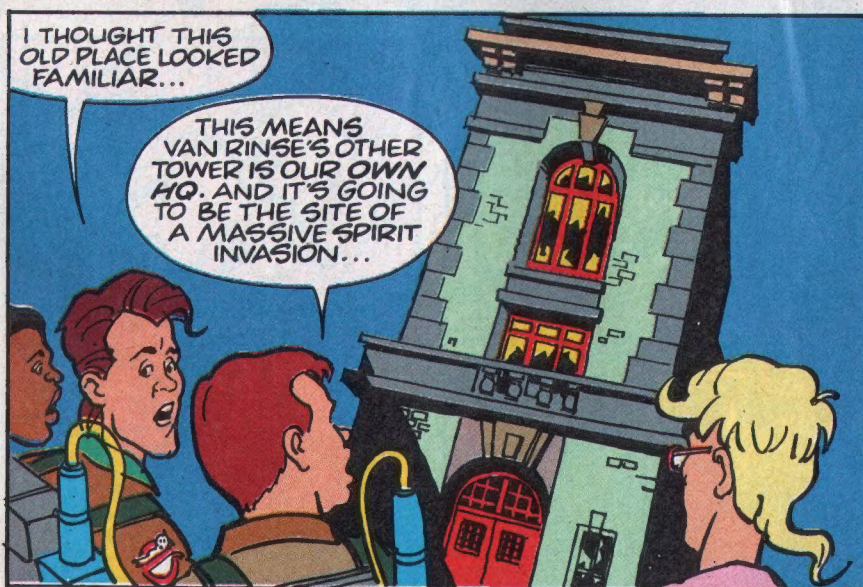
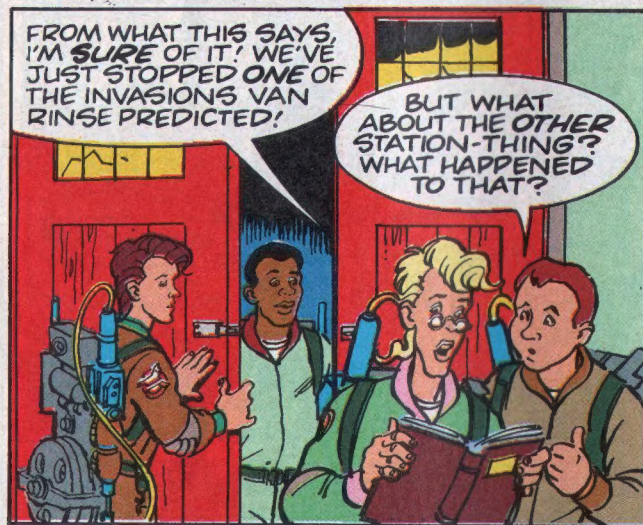
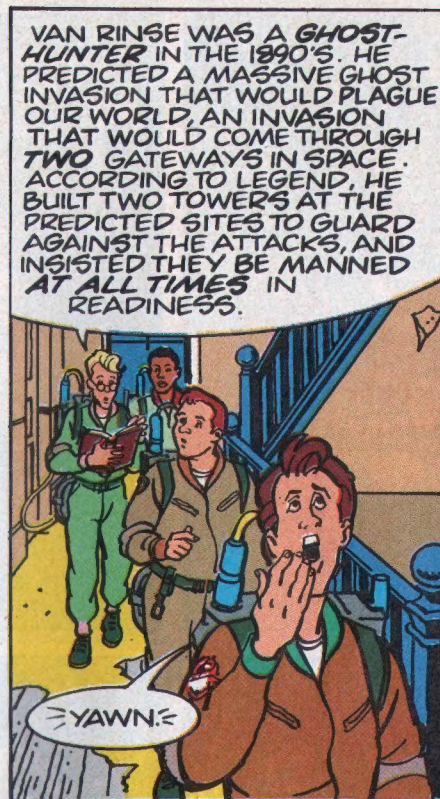


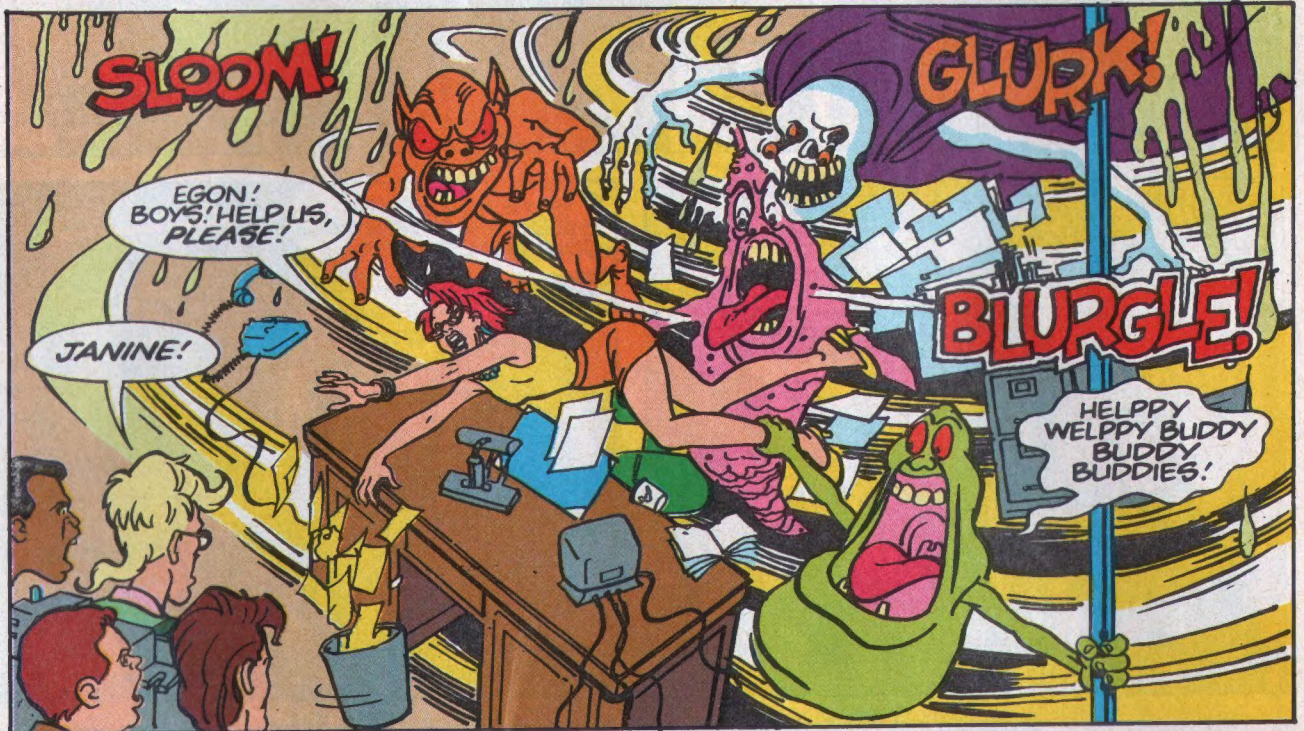
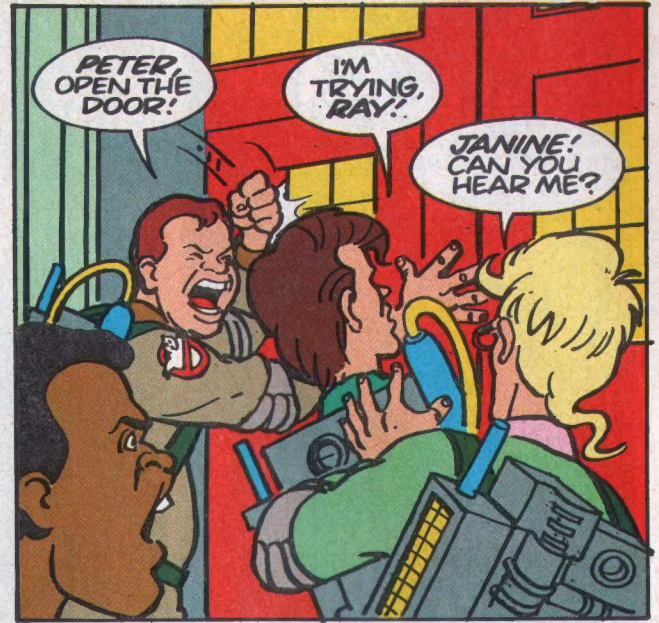
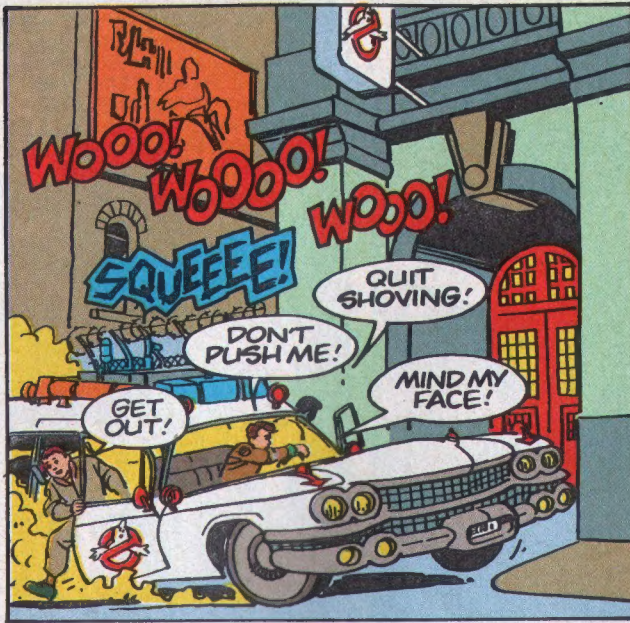
BATTLE STATIONS!

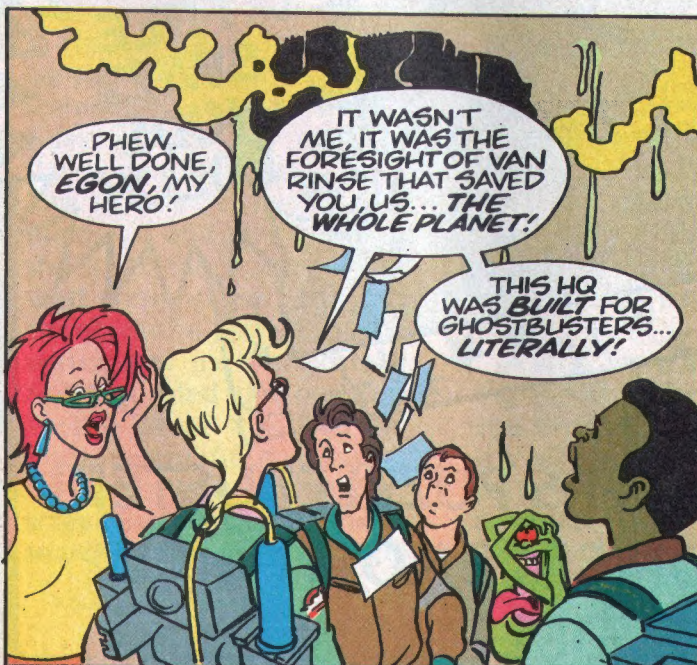


Story DAN ABNETT ☉ Art PHIL GASCOINE ☉ Lettering SPOLLY ☉ Colouring STUART PLACE

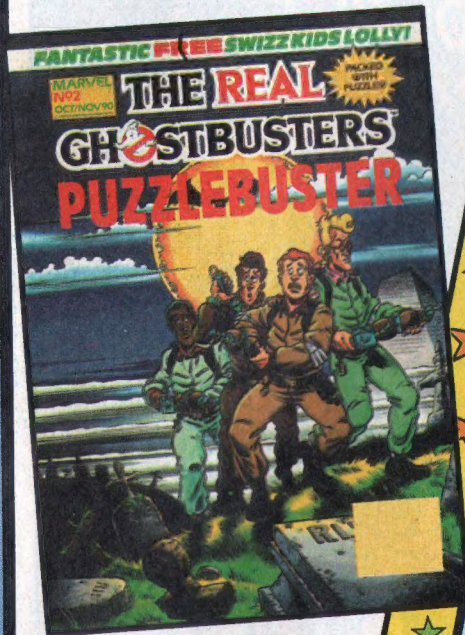








WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS HALLOWE'EN?



**FREE
SWIZZ
KIDS
LOLLY!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE TWO ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Amongst the most difficult cases that The Real Ghostbusters are called out to deal with are the ones where instead of it being a ghost manifesting within a particular building, it is the actual bricks and mortar of the location that are haunted. Considering this subject, the most notable and well-known of all truly haunted buildings is Sorely Rectory in Unissex. Let's remind ourselves of the rectory's line up of manifestations. (I'm referring to Teavis Hutch's Sorely Troubled: An Inventory of Fear). The carpet in the hallway changed colour with the phases of the moon, the light switch in the dining room moved around the walls like a slug, and on two occasions was found halfway up the stairs operating the deep-freeze in the garage. The garage's up-and-over door was also sometimes a round-and-sideways door, or a down flat-and-motionless door. The taps in the pantry supplied hot and cold running shoes. All the closets in the west wing opened out into closets in the east wing, the waterpipes in the upstairs toilet gurgled the opening bars to 'Moon River' on the hour, every hour, causing the rector to eventually run screaming from his home in search of a plumber. Objects



PART 124

pushed through the letter-box never appeared on the other side and all went mysteriously missing (except for the bill from the plumber which turned up tucked behind a terracotta yak in the study). The fireplace in the lounge said 'Wotcha' to anyone who passed by. A dead crane-fly in the lampshade of the library was discovered to have been keeping a diary, and nine different milkmen witnessed the ghostly writing that appeared on the doorstep which read 'No Milk Today, Thank You'.

A vicar from a neighbouring parish offered to exorcise the Rectory in 1967, but the plan was later abandoned when no one could find a leash and collar big enough.

The rector, a jumpy old man called Byron Nylon, put up with most of these phenomenon with a stoicism that impressed his friends, with a set of ear plugs and a supply of powerful tranquilisers. He finally gave up and left when he answered a knock at the back door one morning and found the garden shed outside wanting to borrow a cup of sugar. Nylon was last seen peddling his bike furiously in the direction of Bournef-reemouth muttering 'I didn't know he took sugar'.

Many psychic investigators have attempted to unravel the mysteries of the rectory since then, and almost all of them have met with disturbing fates. Charlie Rawlplug was discovered mindless and rambling in the hallway, staging light switch races along the skirting-board, Beverley Clute ended up in traction when the always unpredictable garage door developed a spin-and-drop feature, and Cuthbert Rample vanished for six days until he was eventually found tucked behind the terracotta yak in the study.

Sorely Rectory vanished in 1978, never to be seen again. Except once, when it was reported as trying to book a room in a bed and breakfast in Wilsden, under the name of Adrian.

PHANTOM FOOTWEAR!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters have plenty of solutions for dealing with poltergeists. If they can find them!

With wailing sirens, ECTO-1 sped through the Manhattan traffic. It was another emergency. Poltergeists had invaded an uptown TV studio and the company that owned it were paying top money to get rid of them. "Can't you go any faster, Ray?" snapped Peter, checking over his Proton Gun. "This is the first bust we've had in two weeks and we could get some good press if things work out well."

"Hey, I'm doing the best I can," Ray replied. "What do you want to do – give ECTO-1 winged feet so it can fly over the traffic?"

"Sorry," said Peter, "I'm just a little anxious I guess."

"I know what Peter means," Winston drawled, staring out the window as Central Park flashed by. "We've been sitting twiddling our thumbs for too long. Lack of target practice could make us sloppy."

"I've been considering this very problem," said Egon, "I think we could release perhaps one ghost from the Ecto-Containment Chamber now and again and test ourselves in its recapture."

"Hey, if you want to practice busting ghosts, I'd rather chase Slimer," said Peter as Ray pulled ECTO-1 into the underground car park of the TV station. "You never know what ghost you might get out of the Containment Chamber. Babblers, demons – you name it, it's in there!"

"Thank goodness you're here!" shouted a smartly dressed woman in a three piece suit. "I'm Heather Allen, the well known TV director."

"Did you place the call to our headquarters?" asked Egon, strapping a Proton Pack to his back.

"Oh no, I asked someone else to do that," Heather shouted. "I was too busy trying to rescue my soap opera from these dreadful phantoms." The woman almost twirled with pride at the thought.

"Hey, I've heard of your show," said Ray. "Isn't it *What's Yours*, the well-known bar room drama series?"

"Why yes," said Heather. "Do you like it?" "No," replied Ray. "The casting's all wrong, the set looks like it's made from cardboard and the jokes belong in the Stone Age. Still, the commercial break is good. Where are the ghosts?"

Heather snorted and pointed to the lift from the car park. "They were on the sixth floor when I last saw them. Got to run – I have a lunch date with Walter Cronkite." With that, she hurried off.

"I hope she's eating somewhere quiet," said Winston. "They could bust her for Noise Pollution."

The Real Ghostbusters stepped into the lift and it hummed into life, taking them up to the sixth floor. The lift doors seemed to glide open, revealing a long corridor with a very plush red carpet, with pot plants placed at intervals down it, wooden panelled doors and expensive paintings on the walls. "Got to be the Management's floor," said Peter. "No-one else would have panelled doors in a building this modern." A scream cut through the air like butter and Egon's PKE Meter sprang into chattering life.

"I calculate four separate paranormal entities, Level three, Free-Floating Poltergeists, bearing –"

"Right this way!" shouted Ray, bringing up his Proton Gun. In front of the Ghostbusters, a screaming man in a three piece suit raced towards them, pursued by three orange-green blurs of light. "Help me!" shouted the man. "I'll buy whatever script you're selling! I'll put you in a mini-series! I can arrange a *Dallas* crossover!"

"Let's get them, guys," said Peter, grinning, "before he gets too desperate, offering us our own cartoon series!" The man gave a gulp and ducked as four Proton Guns fired off at once, filling the

corridor with energy. There was a strange squeal of dismay from the poltergeists, then they vanished. "Did we get them?" said Winston.

"Negative," Egon replied, his PKE Meter still chattering. "This could take longer than we thought."

"Listen," said the man. "The name's Jonathon Knowall and I own this station. I'll pay anything to get rid of these spooks. They keep hassling me to bring back *Doctor What*, a clapped-out old science fiction programme. Well I won't and that's that."

"I quite liked *Doctor What*," said Ray. "Isn't that the one with the talking horse and the mechanical dog that thinks it's a cabinet?"

"We're wasting time," said Peter. "Let's get this over with. Any readings, Egon?"

"They're close," said Egon. "Very close."

"Well, I don't see them, so let's spread out. Hey, is it my imagination or is this carpet really light on the feet?"

"You get that feeling with deep pile," said Ray. "My mom's got it in her house — really relaxing."

"But we don't have deep pile carpets," cut in Jonathon Knowall. "We had to make some cutbacks when we lost all our product placement on *January to April*, our satirical look at relationships amongst the over fifties. Do you think it could be anything to do with the fact that you're all hovering six inches above the floor that's confusing you?"

"Uh oh," said Ray.

With a cackle of delight, the poltergeists in the Ghostbusters' boots took over and suddenly none of them were in control of their own movements. All four of the men were sped down the corridor at a breakneck speed, whisking them past terrified secretaries towards another lift.

"I want to get off!" shouted Peter. The poltergeists just laughed as the lift doors opened and they were dumped inside in a limb flailing heap. With a jolt, the lift started downwards and then opened again on the fourth floor and Studio

Three, site for *Who Gives A Monkeys*, the bizarre game show played in a mud bath.

"Very uh oh," said Egon, as the poltergeists cackled again and ploughed the Ghostbusters through the mud, much to the delight of the contestants whose chances of winning depended on how much they were covered in. "We're in serious trouble here!" Winston observed. "Do something, Peter!"

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking!" said Peter, then smiled. "I've thought. I've thought, 'I wonder if these four poltergeists know that Ponquadrakor, the Six-Limbed Demon of the Netherworld, is being interviewed by Clive Jones in Studio Six?'" "YEEEEEEK!" went the poltergeists, flying out of the Ghostbusters boots as fast as they could.

"Suckers," said Peter, the first to fire his Proton Gun at the fleeing ghosts. In seconds they were all captured, despite the mud, and general dizziness that all four Ghostbusters were feeling after their speedy trip round the building.

"That wasn't so bad," said Ray, wiping mud off his uniform. "I wonder if that's the last of them?"

"I certainly hope so," said Egon, cleaning his glasses as the Ghost Traps crackled with paranormal energy. "Because I for one can definitely do without *any* repeats of this mess!"



PARANORMAL PIRATES

Though this band of bothersome buccaneer's descended from the skyways, their hearts were set solely on the sea.

It must've been the cries of 'Give up yer treasure, me buccoes,' or 'Where's the gold, landlubbers,' or 'One by one you'll walk the plank,' that made The Real Ghostbusters realise they were dealing with Class Six Nautical Historical Apparitions when their well-earned holiday on board a luxury yacht was hi-jacked by The Paranormal Pirates.

Since the only trunks in the Ghostbusters' possession were of the swimming variety, they

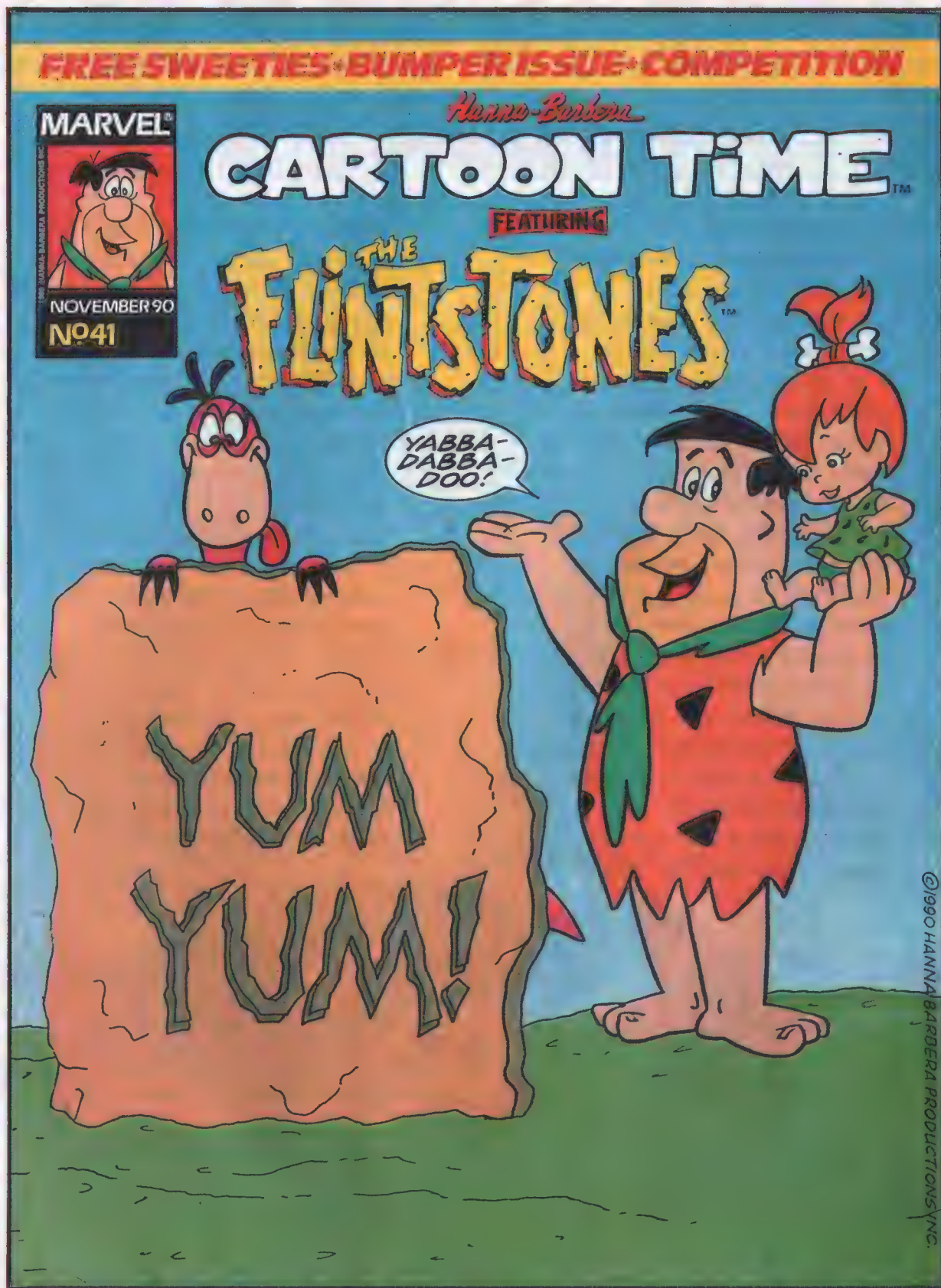
were forced to walk the dreaded plank. It looked as though they would soon be changing their trade name to The Deceased Ghostbusters, judging by the hungry look on the sharks that swam below, eagerly awaiting a four-course meal of the Ghostbusters variety! Thankfully, however, Egon managed to slip below deck, and being the naturally gifted genius that he is, was able to modify the yacht's radar into a pirate radio jamming device, thereby obliterating the pesky pirates for good. Sea-sy, when you know how!



• **PACKED WITH FUN AND ADVENTURE** • **STORIES • MONTHLY • FREE SWEETIE • MORE**

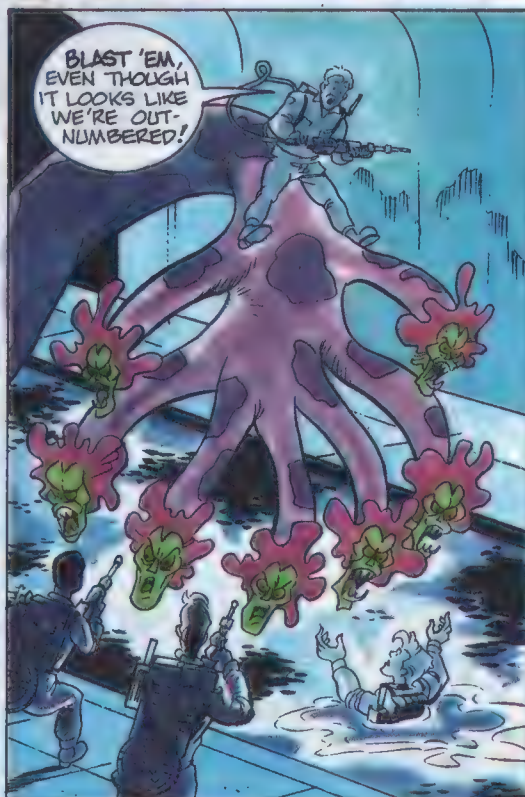
MORE PAGES • FREE SWEETIE • COMPETITION

ON SALE NOW FROM MARVEL

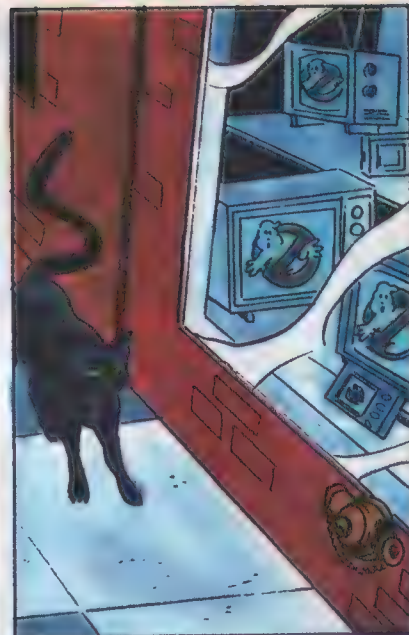


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

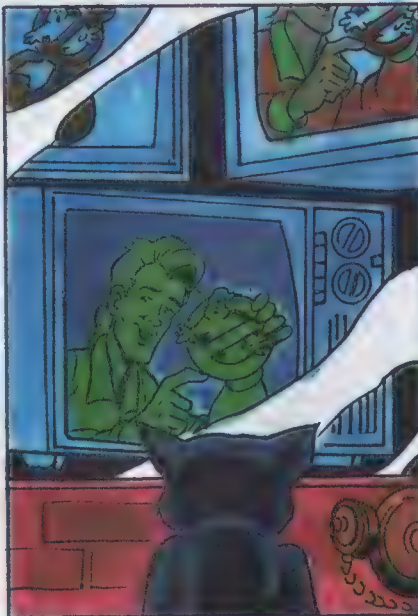
Part Two. Tarantula, a warlock's magical cat, has escaped from the evil clutches of the witch, Marlene Whately. Now the cat must find The Real Ghostbusters.



TARANTULA SENSES WHAT IT CAME HERE FOR. HER MASTER MAY BE FAR AWAY, BUT SOMEONE ELSE WHO CAN HELP IS MUCH CLOSER.



SHE STOPS, HEARING A FAMILIAR NAME THAT WAS RECENTLY SPOKEN BY AN ENEMY AS A CURSE. YES! NOW SHE CAN FIND THEM!



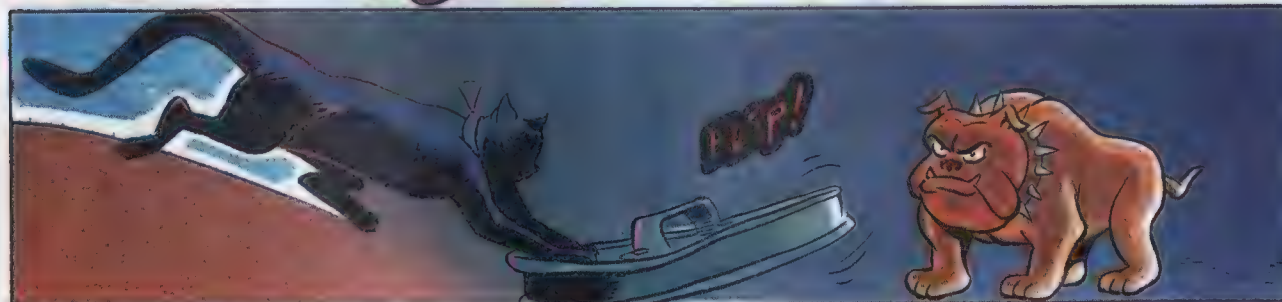
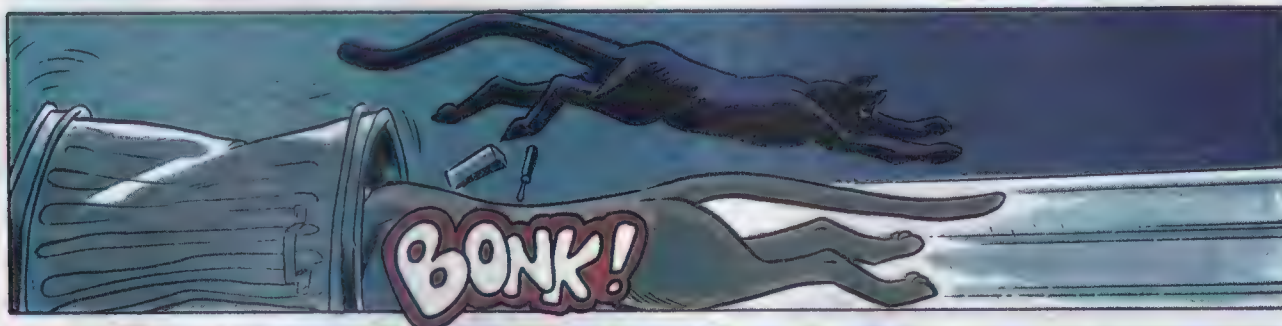
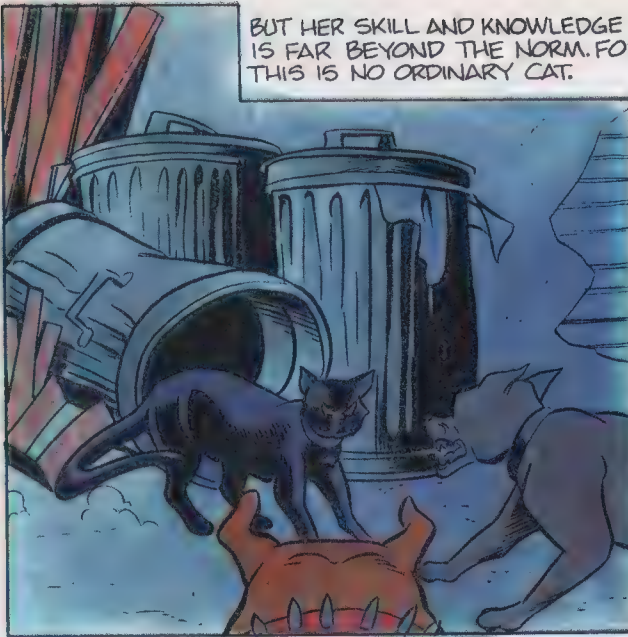
BUT DESPITE THE DANGER SHE IS IN HERSELF, THE CAT REFUSES TO IGNORE OTHERS WHO ARE IN PERIL AS WELL.



SHE'S ON THE PACK IN
AN INSTANT. AN EXPLOSION
OF TEETH AND CLAWS.



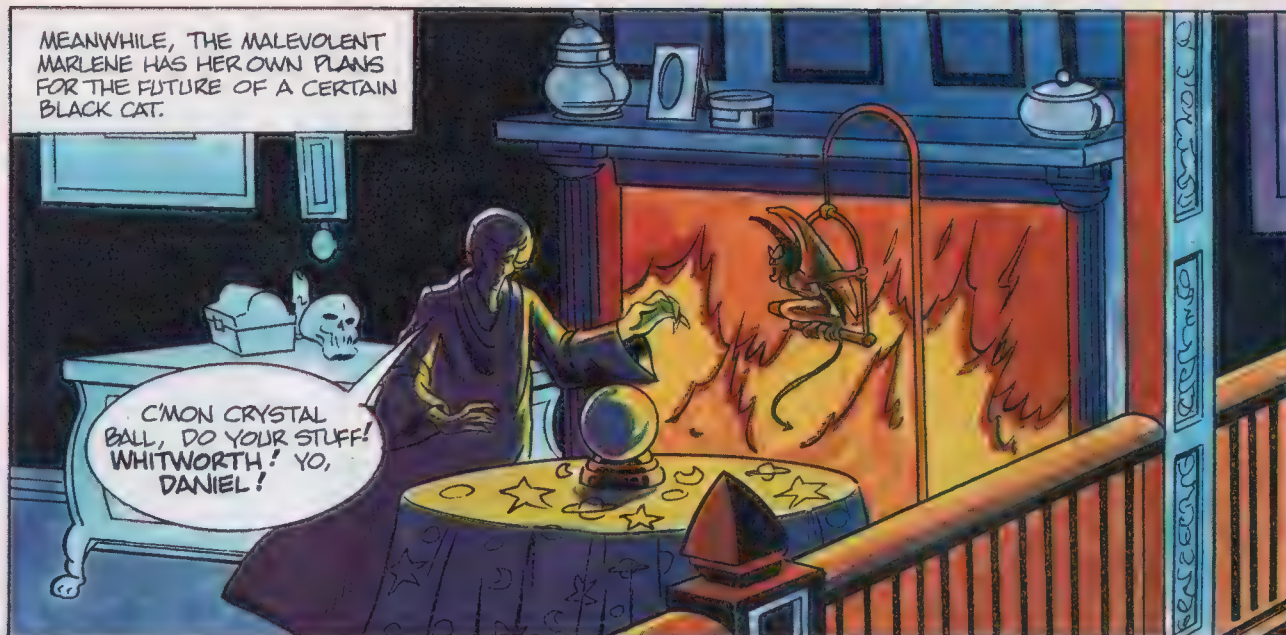
BUT HER SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE
IS FAR BEYOND THE NORM. FOR
THIS IS NO ORDINARY CAT.



THIS IS
TARANTULA!



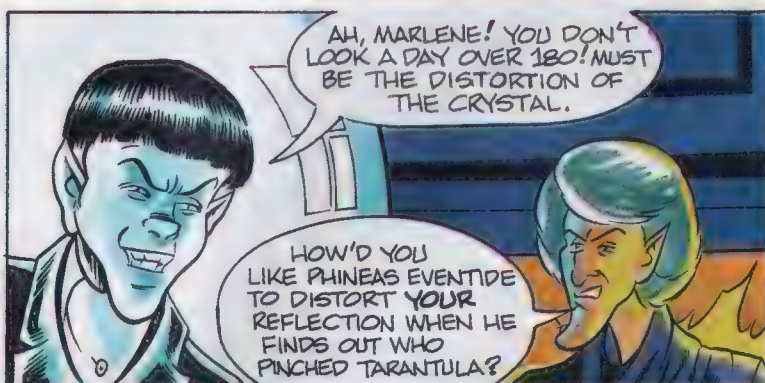
MEANWHILE, THE MALEVOLENT MARLENE HAS HER OWN PLANS FOR THE FUTURE OF A CERTAIN BLACK CAT.



C'MON CRYSTAL BALL, DO YOUR STUFF! WHITWORTH! YO, DANIEL!



WRONG NUMBER AGAIN! JEEZ, THEY KEEP RAISING THE RATES, AND THEN I CAN'T EVEN BY-PASS THE SIDE-DIMENSIONS! GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME!



AH, MARLENE! YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER 180! MUST BE THE DISTORTION OF THE CRYSTAL.

HOW'D YOU LIKE PHINEAS EVENTIDE TO DISTORT YOUR REFLECTION WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHO PINCHED TARANTULA?

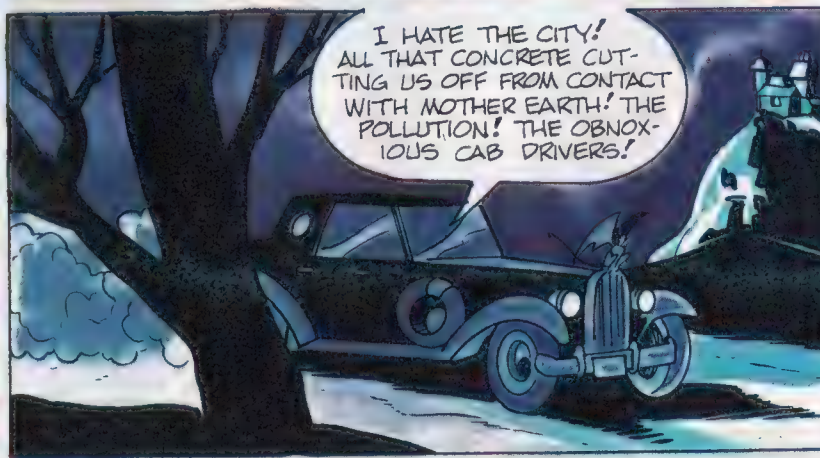
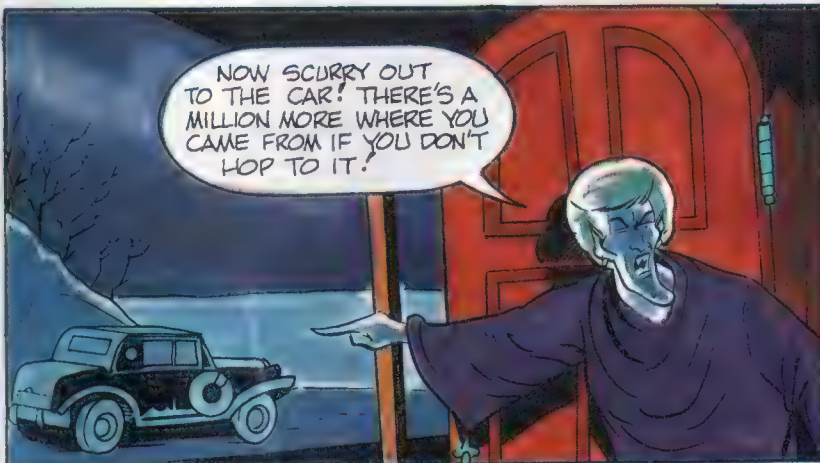


NOT SO LOUD! THE ETHER HAS EARS! DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?

A STORM HAPPENED! THE CAT'S HEADED FOR NEW YORK. THAT CAT'S FULL OF TRICKS!



WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER SO WE'LL MEET IN CENTRAL PARK AT MIDNIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT CAT AHEAD OF PHINEAS! THE LAST THING WE NEED IS THE PRINCE OF WARLOCKS CURSING OUR SHADOWS!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What do you get if you cross a bat with a bell?
A ding-bat!
— Ryan Bullions, Sydenham

What do you call the overweight ghost who haunts an opera house?
The fat-tum of the opera!

Why do ghosts like to haunt tall buildings?
Because there are lots of scare cases!
— Barry Moorshead, Chessington

What lies around all night with its tongue out?
A shoe!
— Sandra Phillips, West Midlands

Did you know that Frankenstein released a record?
It was a monster hit!
— David Rowlands

How do you make a skeleton laugh?
Tickle his funny bone!
— Ronak Patel, Reading



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-
BUSTERS** comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



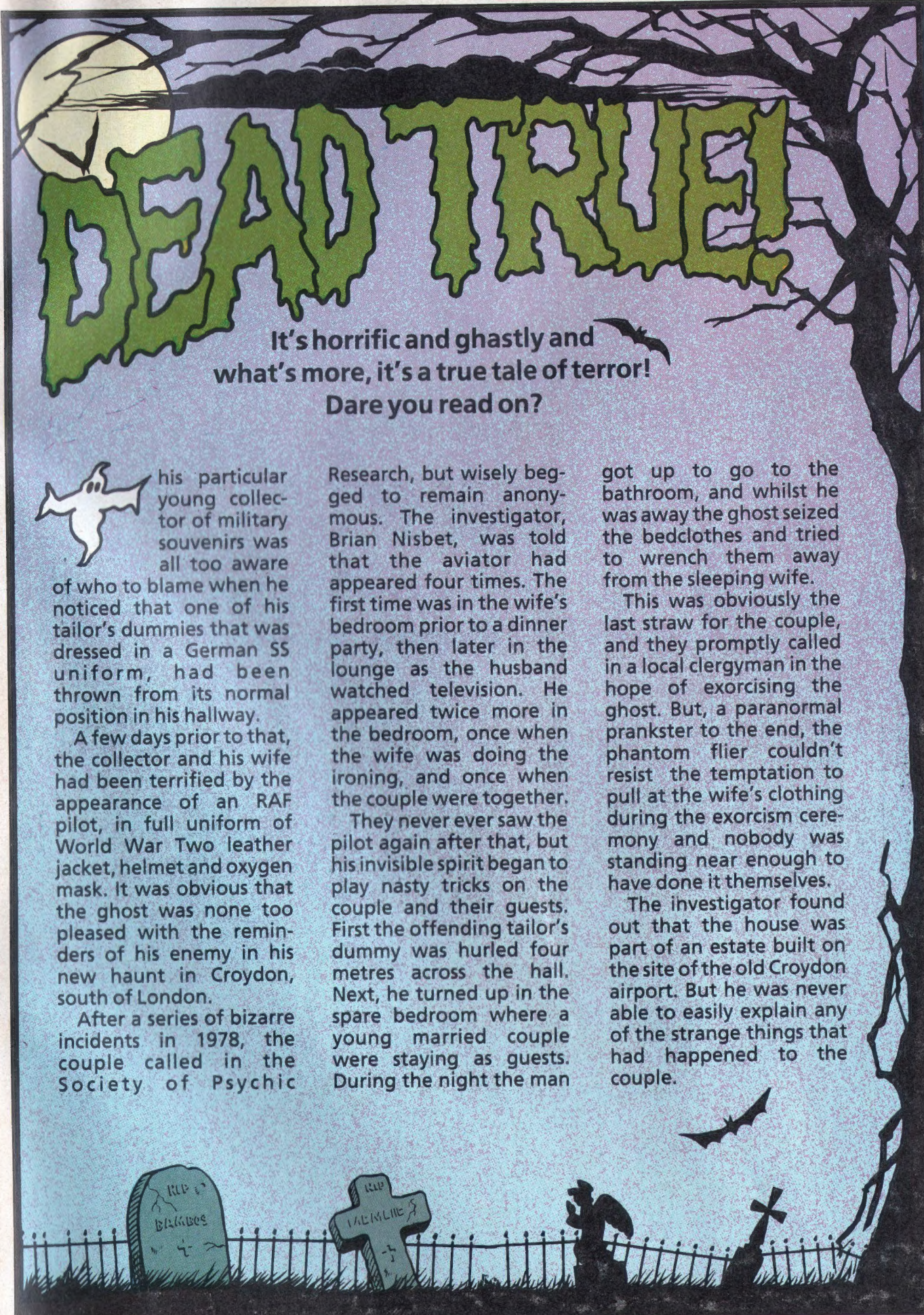
MARVEL®



22 REASONS WHY OUR ANNUALS ARE SO FULL OF CHARACTER!

Marvel, Arundel House, 13/15 Arundel St, London WC2R 3DX, Tel: 071-497 2121

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS © 1990 Columbia Pictures Inc., © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings. FLINTSTONES © 1990 Hanna Barbera Inc. SPIDER-MAN and SUPERHEROES © 1990 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. THUNDERCATS © Telepictures Corporation, Leisure Concepts and Ted Wolf. FIREMAN SAM © 1986, 1990 Prism Art and Design. SUPERTED © 1990 Petalcraft Demonstrations Ltd. GI JOE THE ACTION FORCE © 1990 Milton Bradley International Inc. BACK TO THE FUTURE © 1990 Amblin Entertainment. PENNY CRAYON Artwork & Design © 1990 Maddocks Animated Limited. A-TEAM © 1983, 1990 Stephen J Cannell Productions. RAGGY DOLLS © Melvin Jacobson. DENNIS © 1982, 1990 North America Syndicate Inc., a subsidiary of the Hearst Corporation and part of the King Features Syndicate Group. TOM & JERRY © 1990 Turner Entertainment Co. CARE BEARS © 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990 Those Characters From Cleveland, Inc. SYLVANIAN FAMILIES © 1990 Epoch Co. Ltd. SESAME STREET © 1988, 1989, 1990 Children's Television Workshop. FANTASTIC MAX © Hanna Barbera Inc and Kalisto Ltd, 1990. TRANSFORMERS © 1990 Hasbro Inc. NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK © London Features International Ltd, Retna Pictures Ltd., and Rex Features. SCOOBY-DOO © 1977/90 Hanna Barbera Productions Inc., MY VERY FIRST ANNUAL © 1990 Oyster Books Ltd. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



his particular young collector of military souvenirs was all too aware of who to blame when he noticed that one of his tailor's dummies that was dressed in a German SS uniform, had been thrown from its normal position in his hallway.

A few days prior to that, the collector and his wife had been terrified by the appearance of an RAF pilot, in full uniform of World War Two leather jacket, helmet and oxygen mask. It was obvious that the ghost was none too pleased with the reminders of his enemy in his new haunt in Croydon, south of London.

After a series of bizarre incidents in 1978, the couple called in the Society of Psychic

Research, but wisely begged to remain anonymous. The investigator, Brian Nisbet, was told that the aviator had appeared four times. The first time was in the wife's bedroom prior to a dinner party, then later in the lounge as the husband watched television. He appeared twice more in the bedroom, once when the wife was doing the ironing, and once when the couple were together.

They never ever saw the pilot again after that, but his invisible spirit began to play nasty tricks on the couple and their guests. First the offending tailor's dummy was hurled four metres across the hall. Next, he turned up in the spare bedroom where a young married couple were staying as guests. During the night the man

got up to go to the bathroom, and whilst he was away the ghost seized the bedclothes and tried to wrench them away from the sleeping wife.

This was obviously the last straw for the couple, and they promptly called in a local clergyman in the hope of exorcising the ghost. But, a paranormal prankster to the end, the phantom flier couldn't resist the temptation to pull at the wife's clothing during the exorcism ceremony and nobody was standing near enough to have done it themselves.

The investigator found out that the house was part of an estate built on the site of the old Croydon airport. But he was never able to easily explain any of the strange things that had happened to the couple.



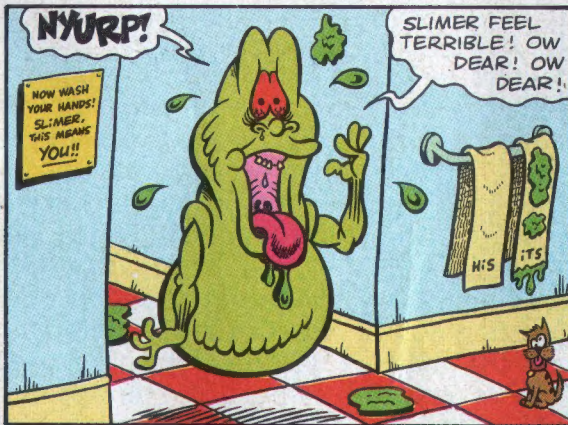
TRICK OR TREAT!



IN JUST 7 DAYS



BLIMEY!
IT'S...



NYURP!

SLIMER FEEL
TERRIBLE! OW
DEAR! OW
DEAR!



YUCKO! YOU HOO LOOK
SO UGLY-WUGLY! YOU
HOO LOOK REAL
TERRIBLE!!



GOB
SMACKED!

OH YEP? WELL YOU HOO NOT
LOOK SO GOODY YOURSELF,
YOU FAT FING YOU !!

Yoiks!!

SPLLOOP!

BAMBOO!